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suppose that the pin was intended for you, and not for me; yet I am sure you will see the propriety of my assuring myself of the fact by personal correspondence before delivering it to you.

Respectfully yours,
GEO. WARD NICHOLS.

Mr. Brown, who shortly after arrived at New York, placed the subject in the hands of I. T. Williams, Esq., Attorney at Law, and after a consultation, an action was commenced, and a writ of Replevin was issued June 20, 1867. The writ was served. Mr. Brown received on Friday, June 21st, the following letter:

NEW YORK, June 21st, 1867.

GEO. L. BROWN, Esq., present:

DEAR SIR: Since my note of the 19th. I have given the subject of the diamond pin more thought.

I wish to satisfy you as to who is the proper owner of this pin. At the same time you will see that I must pay respect to myself and my own interest in the matter.

I am willing to place the pin in the hands of third parties, subject to future delivery upon the decision of one or more parties to be named by us.

This plan, it seems to me, is just, and will save trouble and expense. I should be pleased to see you at such time as would be convenient.

I remain, your obedient servant,
GEO. WARD NICHOLS.

To MR. GEORGE WARD NICHOLS,

26th East 22d street, New York City :

SIR: Your letter dated yesterday reached me, and as you are aware, I have placed the subject in the hands of I. T. Williams, esq., Attorney-at-Law, 59 Broadway, and will be glad if you will apply after this to him as I wish to avoid all further communication, not having time to attend to it.

I would *not* own, or have presumed to set up a claim for an article of jewelry, that I did not morally, and beyond all equivocation or doubt, believe myself honorably entitled to wear, as an Artist; and my silence, for seven long years, may afford you some little assurance of it; but now General Sir Wm. Knollys' letter, which you have read, and whose handwriting you acknowledge, expresses so clearly H. R. H.'s Opinion, and that, too, is so distinctly and plainly concurred in by the gentlemen who were in his suite at the time referred to, that, feeling as I do the highest respect for them, I would feel myself outraging all claim to the pin, and what to me is of far more value, being considered worthy of it, if I dared presume for one moment to submit to any arbitration.

It is not with me a matter of disputed right, pending upon some explanation; and therefore considering myself now the rightful owner of a diamond pin, sent for my acceptance by the Prince of Wales, for my mere Artistic merit, I consider you as having my property in your possession, and you having refused complying with my request, contained in my note of 18th instant, dated at Boston, which certainly gave you every opportunity of surrendering it, and explaining away the long detention, I will not allow one particle of my legal right to be jeopardized, and look forward to the decision of a sworn Jury of gentlemen. I cannot consider the subject of expense; I have tried to

avoid it, but must expect, willingly if my claim to the diamond pin is ignored, to bear also my pecuniary defeat, although I trust that will not be excessive.

I am, sir, obediently yours,
GEO. L. BROWN.

We have hardly patience to discuss this affair, for the artist's right is so indefeasible, and the pretensions of the agent so preposterous, that to write these things seems an insult to common sense. The first step of Mr. Nichols was a shrewd trader's job, and but little can be said of the delicacy of one, who, entrusted with the delivery of a generous gift to a third party, made it the occasion for bartering for the sale of an outside article, for his own especial profit. He literally cornered the Prince in an inextricable manner, by presenting a gift with one hand, and offering a picture for sale with the other. Such a course degraded a generous and courteous action to a species of huckstering, and could not, in the Prince's mind, but reflect disparagingly upon the liberal donors, so commercially represented.

Mr. Nichols having made his visit to the Palace so memorable, nay, so *very* memorable, it was only natural that, when a diamond pin reached him bearing the Prince's motto, he should look upon it as a recognition from his Royal Highness, of the singular delight he had afforded him by his visit. A more princely reward for accomplishing a little trading job, under circumstances which would have debarred most persons, cannot be found upon record; and if Mr. Nichols is sincere in his belief that the Prince intended it for him, he exhibits an amount of complacent, blind vanity, altogether without any parallel.

There are some who think that Mr. Brown should submit to his loss without any protest. We do not think so. It is not the money-value of the jewel, but it is the loss of the honor which it represents. It is the grossest affectation, to name it lightly, in those who pretend to despise testimonials of merit. They are dear to every one, come from what source they may. But in this case it is doubly valuable; being a voluntary recognition from the Heir to a great throne, to the high merits of an American artist. Mr. Brown is fully justified in asserting his right, which we have not the slight doubt he will obtain.

The letter from General Sir Wm. Knollys, a gentleman of irreproachable character and high in the confidence of the Prince, so clearly states, and on the authority of the Prince, that the jewel was intended for the artist and not for the agent, that we are surprised Mr. Nichols should have retained it in his possession an instant, after such incontrovertible evidence of the fact being presented to him.

DONIZETTI;

HIS LIFE AND WORKS.

BY M. DE THÉMINES.

Translated for the ART JOURNAL from the French,

BY MARGARET CECILIA CLEVELAND.

IV.

A reciprocal sympathy, one of those elective affinities, of which Goethe writes, was established between Donizetti and his disciple Bonesi; and this friendship was profitable to both. They commenced by practicing mutual instruction. Bonesi taught Donizetti to play the alto, who in turn taught his friend to adapt the bass for quartets. Both took a feverish passion for German music. They passed many hours playing on the piano or violin the immortal pages of Haydn and Mozart, and in studying in the works of these masters the wonderful combinations of harmony.

It was at this time that there was developed in Donizetti the marvellous faculty of assimilation which his rivals and enemies endeavored later to brand, by treating as mere imitation, if not plagiarism; and from this cause: Alexander Bertoli had introduced at Bergamo the study of quartets. Simon Mayr usually assisted, and sometimes he did not disclaim to play second violin. Donizetti executed the alto part. But, not wishing to confine himself to the simple role of an executant, he sometimes came to these reunions with a finished quartet; sometimes he copied the style of Haydn, sometimes that of Beethoven; and Bonesi assures us that he has seen him write several upon a little table, without ever approaching the piano. As soon as composed, the quartet was copied, and "he wrote it," adds Bonesi, "with the same facility that he would have scribbled a note."

At length the hour so ardently desired by the young musician, arrived. He was sent for from Venice to write a comic opera (*opera semi-seria*) which was to be represented at the Theatre of *San Luca*. It was in the year of grace 1818; journeys then were not so easy or frequent as in our days. A few more miles and Donizetti would have made his will. Nevertheless, he was only going from Bergamo to Venice!

I cannot say whether he did make his will, but what I am sure of, is, that he put his papers in order, and that he confided to his friend, the maestro Antonio Dolci, all of his choicest compositions.

Here is the list of those pieces:

Etudes variées.

Sonates pour piano.

Chansonnettes, with piano accompaniment.

Tantum ergo, Sa've Regina and Psalms.

Requiem Mass (unfinished).

Two Vespers.—Two Miserere.

Pygmalion, opera in one act.

Achille, opera in one act.

I do not think—and I do not find in any of his biographies or in any theatre register—that these two last works have ever been represented. All that I can say upon this subject, is, that, after the death of Donizetti, the maestro Dolci gave up all that music to the composer's heirs. The lawyer Cicconetti affirms that Joseph Donizetti took his share with him to Constantinople, and that the other portion, falling to Francesco, was bequeathed by him to Dolci, Francesco having only survived his uncle Gaetano six months.

Among the musical pages left by Donizetti at the time of his departure for Venice, pages which, however, were not amongst those confided to Dolci, we must mention five quatuors of the greatest beauty, and which have remained unknown during thirty-eight years.

Written for the Art Journal.

A PIECE OF MOSS FROM ALANDOR.

Dead withered scrap of Greennesss, dropt
From the lost glory of a day—
I keep you when the light is dark—
The dew-drops dried, the verdure grey.

I keep you for the twilight star
That rose through trembling evening air—
A single spark alone in heaven,
When all the West was rosy-fair.

I keep you for the sake of suns
That set across that lonely hill—
Casting the shadows of the graves
While clover-shadows lay as still.

For love of wind, and sun, and dew,
That kissed your back of silver green ;
For love of mountain, earth and heaven,
And all the world that throbbed between !

For smiles remembered with a tear,
And words we lightly spoke that day ;
And faces, seen so near, that since
Have faded from my life away.

I keep you—and I read your spell
With many a smile and many a sigh ;
Such smiles as tremble unaware,
For e'en the weariest days gone by.

But this was bright, as days of old,
That dawned on green Arcadia's plain—
Such suns, once set, rise never more
Upon such lightsome hearts again !

And never fall the twilight shades
Upon our faces met so near ;
And for that hour and its grace,
I hold the withered flower most dear.

As, musing on the hand that gave,
I see, with smiles that come and go,
The passion of the haughty face—
The dark eye's fitful violet glow !

Green moss, that spread a carpet once
For feet so weary by the way—
Tired with pleasure, followed far
Into the dying of the day—

I keep you with a tender dream
Of all that summer idyl knew—
For lips and eyes that smiled and shone,
For sun and starlight, wind and dew !

MINETTE.

THE HAPPY RETURN.

BY CHARLES H. WOODHULL.

In a minor capital in Germany, there were seated, some years ago, three persons, in a modestly furnished room, boasting of little beyond the mere necessities, yet scrupulously clean, and strangely relieved from more than mediocrity, by a large handsome piano-forte, which filled almost the fourth part of the room. Father, mother and daughter formed the trio.

"Again lost in thought, Anna. Have you no cheerful word for us, no music to drive away the dull hour? Will you be thus ever away from us in mind?"

Anna started at her father's words, repressed not the sigh that would come, but answered quickly—"Yes, father, I will play to you willingly;" and proceeding to the piano, she opened it and drew from it music that would, indeed, charm away heaviness of soul.

"Right, my dear daughter," said the father; "let our misunderstanding be drowned in the art which mutually binds us; but come here to my side, and let me hear the sweeter music of thy voice."

Anna again obeyed instantly, and placed her hands in her father's.

"See, child," he said, "you are our joy and our consolation. When a fire ruined our home, when illness succeeding it shattered my frame, and we were almost houseless, your genius and talent preserved us from despair. You, who had but worked at your own pleasure, became then the support of the family, and nobly you have sacrificed your time and health to us; but when an opportunity offers that you can so advantageously alter our position, why not do it? We have given you the required time for reflection—three months; there is but one fortnight wanting, and still you keep back. Why should we permit you ever to work for us?"

"Dearest father, let me do so, and keep my hand for him who has my heart. How can I marry Senator Bodlingen, if nothing but esteem for a respectable character lives in me for him? and how shall I drive my Edmund's picture from my soul, were I even to become the wife of another."

"Your cousin Edmund has long forgotten you, Anna. He has now been gone more than eighteen months, and has not let us know by a line that he respects the half childish promise you made to each other. When he went we were in easy circumstances—no want oppressed us; but now matters are different, and who knows, were he even to return, whether he would not spurn the cousin who has to earn her parents' and her own bread. Meanwhile, a wealthy and respectable man offers you his hand, and you will not accept it."

"Father, urge me not longer," sobbed Anna; "I ever obeyed you—you who have educated me, taught me all I know—trained my mind—oh, but I cannot say yes now. The time fixed will soon have passed, and then I must take the step which must be inevitable before I can take it."

"Very well, my child, I will speak of it no more, but the thought haunts me, what is to become of us all if you continue obstinate. I am broken down, your mother is getting feeble with anxiety, your two younger sisters are unprovided for, and you are getting pale and thin with the daily routine of lesson giving. Do you know you work for five now?"

"And gladly, dearest father, would I always work for you all, if you would but let me, and not try to free me from cares by a marriage with the senator; look, father, I am stronger than you think," and she rose to her full height before him.

"My child, it is getting dark, I cannot see you; but you will break my heart if you do not soon let me have the certainty that, should anything happen to me, you would be all provided for."

"Father, I place my fate in your hands, and do but ask the fortnight that remains," replied Anna, with resignation.

Two merry voices were heard at the door; they were those of the two younger girls, who rushed into the room, calling in a breath—

"Father, Anna, Senator Bodlingen is coming, and you are all in the dark here. Make haste! make haste! he followed us, as we returned from aunty's house, and told us that he was coming here, so we ran on to announce him."

"Courage, my child," gently said the mother, as she hastened to light the lamp and draw the blinds. "Will you not for a moment arrange your dress?"

"Oh, no, mother; Edmund would be satisfied to see me thus, and so shall the senator," said Anna, as she seated herself near the table with her work.

A slight knock was heard at the door of the room, and the father's "Come in" soon brought Senator Bodlingen within the circle of the little family. He was a tall, spare man, scrupulously dressed, with a high, unmeaning forehead and vacant eyes; you might have guessed his age to be about forty, although he was in reality but thirty-five. All rose to welcome him, and he was invited to occupy a place on the sofa, while Anna kept her chair.

"How much milder the weather has become!" he remarked; "we shall soon have Spring, and with it the bright side of nature."

"But Winter is a merry time," chimed the little girls, "and we in school are very sorry it will soon be over."

"Yes, but you little folks may not have to think that when it is over; a long time of patient expectation will have passed," said the senator.

"Ah! you mean you will expect sister Anna to marry you then?" said the youngest, a saucy girl of thirteen; "do not be sure; I dreamt last night that you were both before the altar, when suddenly a man with green spectacles bore her away, and you could not stir, but merely looked after her."

"Hush, hush, child!" both parents called out; "and that you may repent your rash speeches, you had better go to bed at once with your sister."

"Senator Bodlingen brings us no luck; so I shall never vote for him," cried the little girl, the tears starting to her eyes; and taking her sister by the hand, they disappeared behind a screen, which guarded the entrance to their alcove.

"Will you not play us some smart air, Fraulein Anna?" he asked.

"Not to-night; I am sorry, but you must excuse me."

"I have taken the liberty now," began the senator, "to call on you to-night, Herr and Madame Helmer and Fraulein Anna, to bring back to your memory the promise of nearly three months' standing; this day fortnight the time will have expired on which